



mosaic
2012

Dear Reader,

Thank you for supporting Mosaic in its 35th year of publication! The 2012 edition is the culmination of another year's hard work and cooperation, bringing you Ohio State University's finest undergraduate art and literature. We would like to extend our most sincere congratulations to the authors and artists who have been chosen to be featured in Mosaic this year.

In addition to working on the magazine, Mosaic has hosted several exciting events this year including quarterly poetry readings, a t-shirt printing event, our annual Professor Protégé event, and of course, the unveiling of the magazine.

We have been fortunate enough to have a diligent editorial board who have devoted so much time to give proper recognition to the arts through our magazine. Of course, none of this would have been possible without the help of the art, literature, and layout staffs, all of whom have been incredibly conscientious and committed to making a great magazine.

We would also like to thank our advisor Ray Arebalo for his support and guidance in all of Mosaic's endeavors this year.

Last, but not least, we would like to thank the readers of Mosaic and again congratulate the artists and authors who represent the best of the university's undergraduate art and literature scenes. We hope that you all enjoy this year's edition of Mosaic, and encourage all who are interested to either submit art and literature pieces for next year's publication, or apply to be a part of the future staffs or editorial board.

For more information, please visit mosaicosu.com, or e-mail us at mosaic@mosaicosu.com.

Thank you,
Editors-in-Chief
2012 Mosaic Magazine

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Passing Through
Vanessa Burrowes
Photography

New York, Through the Fog Kyra Pazan

Los carros trembling in anticipation
crawling in a talkative Technicolor sludge

on the island *entre las montañas*
looming like skyscrapers in the mist

that settles on the *granadillas y mangos* on
the vendor's cart like a Brobdingnag Van Gogh

being appraised by the Latino eyes
that ignore the *Pare* signs

and keep looking forward, as if only
they, uniquely, exist *de verdad*.

1st

November 24th*Katelyn Oster*

There's one thing I will never forget,
 when a man tells you things like
 "I like good clothes, fast cars,
 whiskey,
 and you."

run as far as your heels will take you,
 hell,
 take the first train to
 some city in the middle of nowhere
 shed your fur coat and fishnets
 for some red flannel and boots.
 there is nothing more dangerous
 than the fancy of a man.

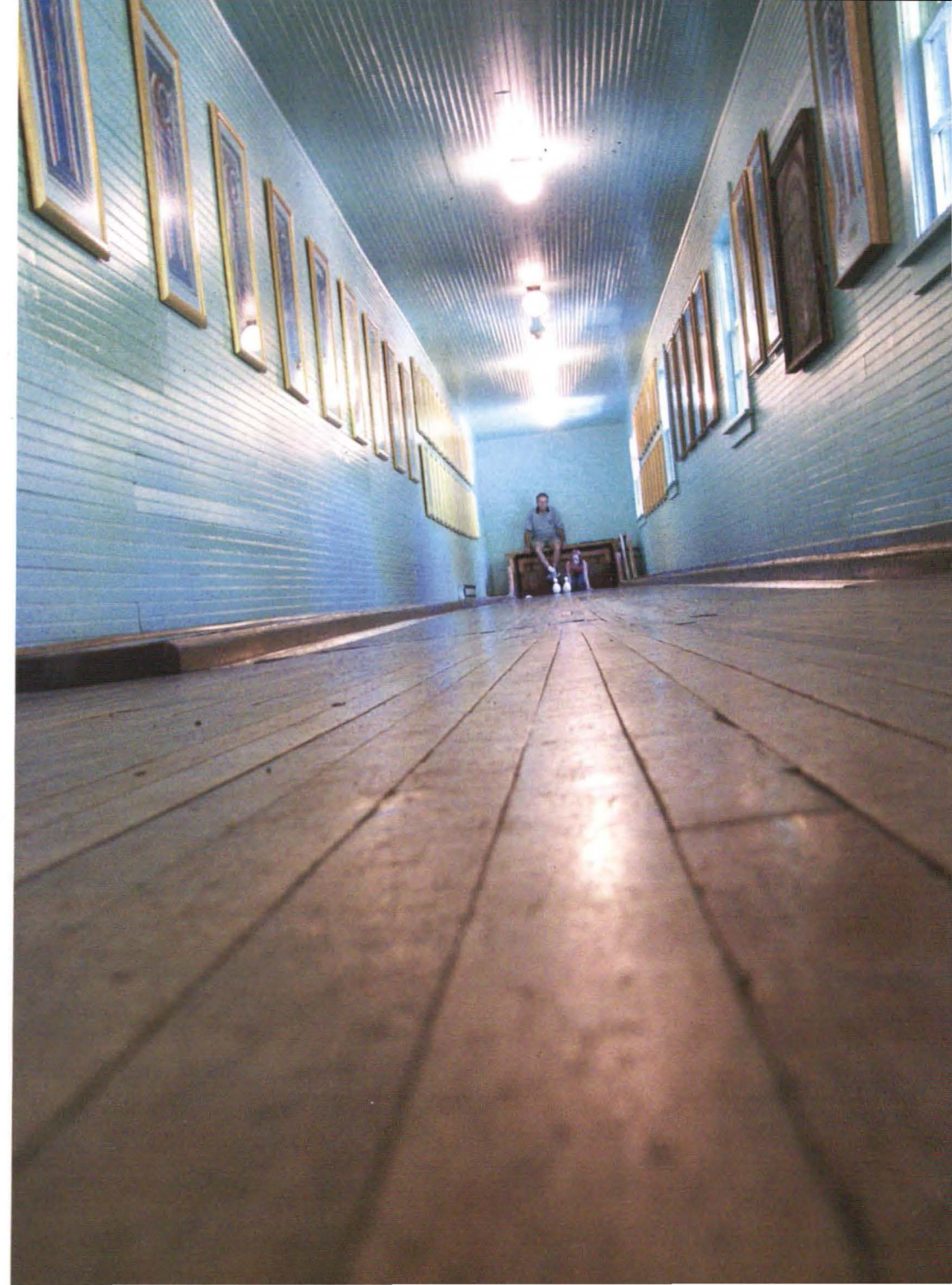
My mother always told me that,
 when she'd brush out my taut blonde curls
 into thin, sleek waves.
 she brushed my hair that way until
 my breasts grew humble and my legs
 felt more like fins, slicing through the cold
 winters
 and hot summers like a pair of scissor blades
 dancing on the wind,
 like my growing dreams, as a poet, an old
 soul, and a woman.

I remember the first time I tasted sin
 was in the back of that old bar in Arkansas
 taking shots of whiskey and dancing
 in the hot moonlight
 my summer dress slipped off as we fell
 off the dock
 two bodies fumbling through the folds
 of icy water, your hands pressing mine into
 your stomach, screaming
 crisply through the dark of night
 "can you feel the beating of my heart?"

Mama took me to church and washed your
 name out of my mouth
 with song and scripture, tied me to the altar
 and wouldn't let me run.
 now I'm always running, running from her,
 running to you,
 my legs more like fins, once again
 slicing through hotel sheets, hot baths, and
 my dreams, lord, my dreams
 simply aged nightmares
 those complex beasts await me here
 one more whiskey, love,
 and I swear
 I will find you.

The Doctor Will See You Now*Josh Brown*

Photography





How I Wine

Claire Ravenscroft

Like clockwork, pitiful drips of purple
 Rib and coat the belly of my mug
 After I drain it, exacting.
 I imagine them into Kandinsky paintings,
 Or Klee rather, I chastise myself.
 (He let his pigments bleed.) Or Brandt.
 Brandt intrigues me: the poor man's name
 Is literally half that of the great Dutchman.
 Can you imagine the heaviness? Coursing,
 Cursing even through his marrows
 It must have been. What could he have
 Mustered in response? (I ramble, I rumble
 With old thoughts.)

Drunk is so familiar now. The hum
 Of my hand as it reaches for
 A second, third, fourth; then a fruitful pen.
 With wine, I fall into French, bleating
 Those *petits mots et phrases* I can recall, expel,
 And claim as my own.
 Each construction is a trap;
 God did prepare the great fish.

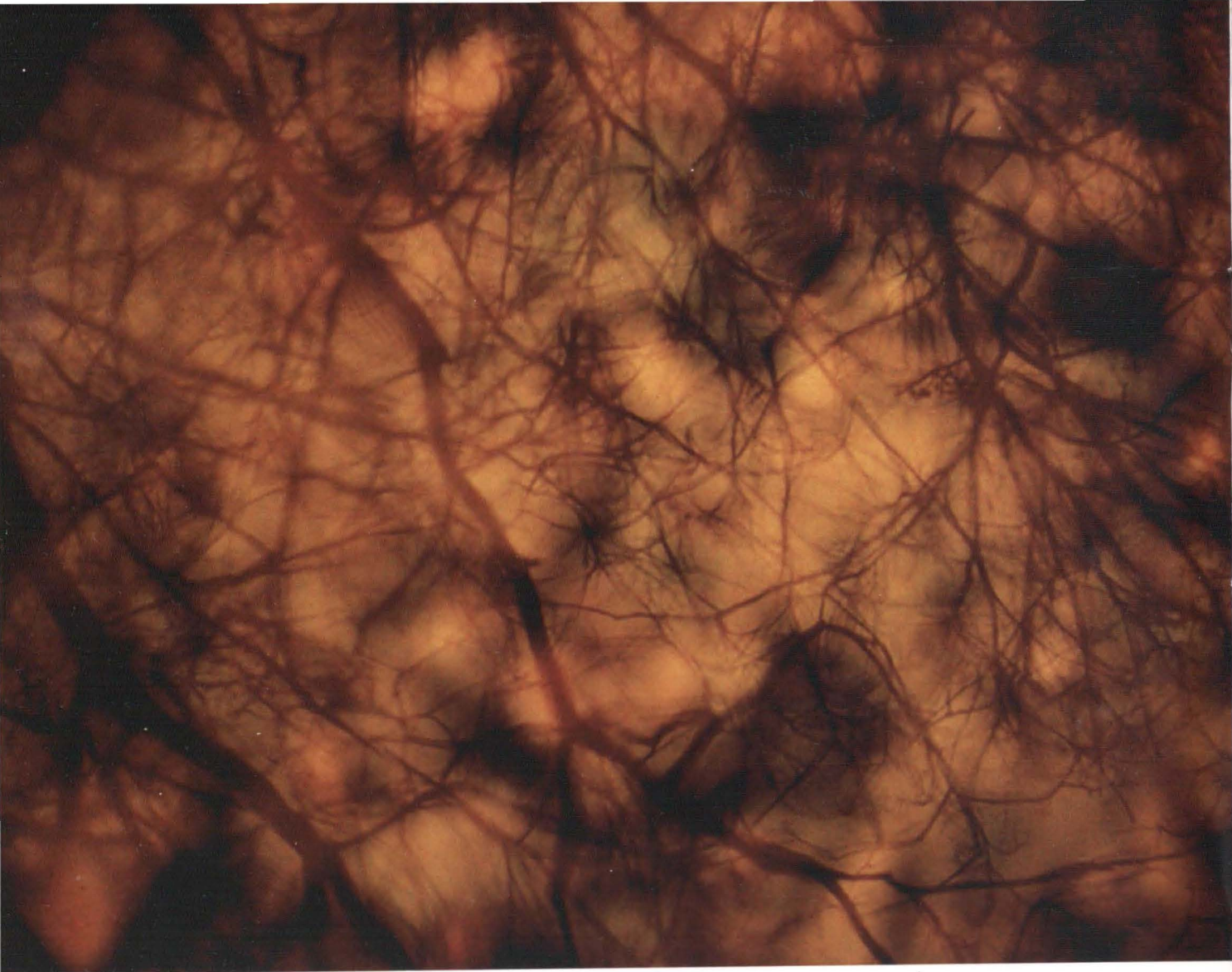
I have short, knowing conversations
 With myself in the bathroom mirror and,
 Just before I exit, stop to behold—a moment
 Like staring into the eyes of Goya's Saturn,
 Such devouring, senseless sadness.
 When my work bellows an infant cry,
 I like to think I counter it with something
 Equally as brave. I scratch my ideas onto the Earth
 To crumple them up in the morning.
 I gnash my thoughts into meaty refuse, into soup,
 And drink and drink and drink (replenish
 and subdue).

With such silken ease does the tongue twist
L'amour into *la mort*, awful into offal.
 Did He intend my devastation as he drew
 Blood from his hand and funneled it into mine,
 Finger to finger; as he whittled my bones?
 He must not know, but I do, that the certainty of
 Hate mellows somewhat with each mouthful.
 This is addiction: to hope
 That I could muster creation,
 That I of all could let it stand. (*Quelle croix.*)

Simply Flowers

Erica Gilbert

Acrylic and oil on wine bottles



Midstream (The Veins of the Woods)
Matthew Korn
Photography

Vertebrae
Josh Brown
Photography



Tell Me, Love

Hanna Wortkoetter

Drugs find you like mosquitoes, hissing
 Little pig, little pig, won't you let us come in?
 So you huff deeply, puff desperately
 as the fox-tongued toxins stab and suck
 and when you wake to the morning glimmer
 you feel neither closer to God, nor more tethered
 to the green world which goes on breathing without you.
 These tortured depths you flee from momentarily,
 confusing; the vanity of social grace, all-consuming,
 tell me Love, what is a head rush worth?
 A mother's quivering lip, lungs laced
 with blackened breath and profanity,
 your sanity or my sanity...
 How much of this gift will you destroy
 to feel that enchanted emptiness;
 to once again giggle like the little boy
 you took for granted?

Divine Nectar
Amrita Mukhopadhyaya
 Oil on canvas



Groundless

Ashlee Goestch

The old man didn't hold his nose as he lugged the trash to the end of the driveway. Neither did he brush his hands off triumphantly after releasing his rigid grasp and hearing the contents clatter against the steel of the can. The old man, tired, tried, and unsettled, simply closed his eyes, and saw his javelina.

You regard yourself in the mirror. Age spots congregate 'cross your forehead, lines round your lips. Small splatters of fresh spit trickle down your reflection like rain on a windowpane. You smile sheepishly. Years ago, when you still had your youth, you would sit on the roof, despite Father's warnings, with the clouds precipitating on your head. It was refreshing; freeing. The neighbor girl would lounge across the way, making eyes at you through her bedroom window, small droplets forming rivers down the glass. You outlined her blurred form with your gaze, noting the lump of her skirt against her thin, pasty undershirt, the curve of her generous breasts, how she had teased her bangs. Sometimes she would trail her tongue across her lips, a gesture too tempting to stay perched on your rooftop. You'd meet her halfway in the shade of the trees.

A wave of sadness pervades the memory. Such reminiscences are unhealthy; there's no way of going back, after all. That girl, her name escapes you now, she's been deceased for years, and so has the thrill that accompanied her. Now Mary, oh, Mary; she was a different story. For a moment, you feel a flicker of happiness, but it's extinguished quickly and quietly. Your eyes find their way to the neatly made bed in the other room. The light beating down through the window exposes little specks of dust hovering over the checkered quilt. This morning, when you woke to the beep-beep-beeping of your alarm clock, you had turned over and reached out your hand to the empty space. Something in your chest had sunk deep then; a sincere emptiness. You had then remembered that Mary was still on her business trip. So far away, it seemed. It's been too long since you've felt the warmth of your wife's body, despite its mounting monstrosity of age. Poor woman; she never was particularly pretty, but with the developing crook in her back and the sagging skin, she resembled more of an old hag than a woman blossoming with the aesthetic indications of a life well lived. Now your eyes linger on the squares of jasmine yellow and olive, where she should be.

With a sigh, you return your toothbrush to the cabinet. The bathroom is tight, a claustrophobic nightmare; you stub your toe on the frozen toilet returning to the bedroom and accidentally knock the Dixie paper-cup to the floor.

"Gosh, darn it..."

Blood courses through the wrinkled thing and turns it red. When you were a boy, you would have run such an injury off; the older kids would have chastised you had you not. Now you attempt to

bend down to hold the throbbing toe, and your large gut prevents it. You tighten your cracked lips and suffer through the pain. Snickers from the older boys rebound off the interior of your skull as you turn, defeated, and hobble toward the closet.

Mary used to keep mothballs in this darn thing. The odor permeates your nostrils as the timid creeks of the door interrupt the quiet. You ignore it. Blue jeans should do just fine today, you decide, leafing through the small array of apparel. Mary used to select your outfits, usually when you were going somewhere you didn't want to go. You smile fondly. One time the two of you had argued for twenty minutes over which socks you would wear, the black or the navy blue. A chuckle bubbles in your throat. Of course she won. She always won. You glance at the bed; your features fall. The pillow's still fluffed, you note. Methodically, you strip away your PJ pants and toss them to the laundry basket. You miss. Hovering in your whittie tighties, you stare at your round, happy stomach. You lay a hand on it, stroking the pale hair gently as if there were a fetus inside. A mirror to the right reflects the Santa Clause figure. It turns to face you, and cocks its head. You begin to trace the outline of your body like you did the neighbor girl's, but quickly cease. Your generous curves don't fall quite like hers did.

It's already quarter after nine when you finally make it downstairs. You're going to be late for your morning walk, and a hint of panic creeps over you, not that anyone is depending on you to be there. Not like when the neighbor girl waited for you in the trees. But you have a daily schedule to keep to, you assure yourself. Slowly but surely, you make your way toward the garage door. A horizontal, bordered mirror hangs above the dryer. Staring into it resignedly, you arrange the last three threads of hair atop your head and grab the gold car keys from off the key rack. You place your hand on the cool door handle. Hesitation is poisonous. You turn, slightly, and pause.

Cautiously,

"I'll be back soon!"

Silence of the unoccupied kitchen chairs, unsullied white carpet, and armoire dust answers.

You turn back toward the door, lips drawn like taught string. One wouldn't even be able to see the wet of your eyes over the wrinkled puffs beneath them.

The door sticks slightly before it wrenches open.

"Whoa-oa-oa!!" Your mass hurtles back into the laundry room from which you came, your back thrown against the dryer, your body crippling under you. Balanced on the hood of your red Toyota is a giant, shadowed figure. Your eyes adjust. Dear lord... you're too terrified to yell.

The pig snorts.

The sound is short and wet, but it's amplified in your pounding ears. "Oh Lord, oh Lord," you gasp, glancing toward the closed garage door. You direct your eyes back toward the creature. Its peppered brown hair looks more like spikes than fur. And its teeth... you see them as it squeals... they're long and sharp. It moves its legs to jump off the car, but the black hooves slip across the red metal; the sensation of nails on chalkboard screeches through your skull and your shoulders cringe. It slides off the front sideways and hits the concrete ground. Panicked, it rushes at you, squealing. You raise your arms to protect your face. It's dark under your eyelids; you won't see the end. Oh, at least you'll go

blind. A gust of air assaults you.

In this position you remain: curled in, legs drawn to your butt awkwardly and painfully, head buried. A clattering comes from the kitchen, and the thing squeals. Shakily, you peer over your up-lifted arms and scan the open doorway. A flash of brown charges by and you cower back into the dryer. This happens a few times before you're able to gather your wits. You stand cautiously. All the wet has gone from your eyes now and you peek into the tousled living room; all is quiet. You take one step, toe to heel, the floor creaks, and there's a crash from the study. An excruciating whine ensues. Recoiling, you cover your ears. The noise is unwavering; it becomes an unbearable din. If it weren't coming from a beast the size of truck, you'd be inclined to play rescuer. You wince at the proceeding scream.

It's too much.

Tip-toeing through the living room, past the kitchen, and through the hallway, you approach the study. Should you call someone? Dear Lord, do you even know where the phone book is? Your classics are scattered out the door and across the floor. Inching forward, you take one, ragged breath, and peer round the corner. The mahogany bookcase that you so treasure has been tipped over, and lying beneath it is the pig. It grows quiet when it sees you in the doorway.

"Now, now," your voice is trembling and unsure, "I'm... I'm not going to hurt you, little guy." The thing lays still, heavily breathing, left front leg twisted under its dense body. The pig's eyes betray its fear. Sympathy overcomes your alarm and you raise your arms to signify surrender. When you step forward, the pig squeals and struggles again; you pause. Such familiar eyes... almost like Mary's... you take another weary step and lay your weak hands on the top the smooth wood, far enough away so the pig couldn't thrash out and bite. It hyperventilates now. With all the strength that remains in your stooped, aching back, you lift. The bookcase ascends, and the pig, with great vehemence, pulls itself from underneath. It quickly limps forward into the corner. You attempt to lay the bookcase down gently, but your apprehension of the freed creature preoccupies. To your surprise, and relief, it lays on its stomach, exhausted, its eyes boring into you.

Ten minutes later, neither of you have moved. You glance at the grandfather clock, and it glances back with another tick.

"Well," you confront the creature in the corner. Its eyes have grown less anxious, and its body less alert, but it perks up at your voice.

"It's not getting any earlier." It waits.

"Hmph," you ponder, playing with your arthritic fingers, bushy eyebrows furrowed. "So... are you... uh... from around here? Is your leg hurt?" The pig responds with angry snorting.

"Well, no need to get so angry about it. *I* didn't tip the bookcase over." The skeleton of the bookcase lays defeated against the wood flooring.

"Thanks for that, by the way," you say, disappointed, staring at a broken shelf. You'll have to find a replacement. Shame; it wasn't cheap.

You shift your weight, feeling awkward, unsure of what to do next.

"So, what exactly are you?" Your dinosaur of a computer waits next to the fallen bookcase on a

white, wooden table. "Do you... mind if I check?" Its nose wiggles.

Vigilantly, you roll onto your hands to lift yourself. The creature doesn't respond, so you stand. It has a feminine quality, you imagine, but you're not exactly willing to check. Her eyes are small and sincere. A glistening, gray nose concludes the long snout and the fur surrounding her head resembles an overgrown beard. You stoop to examine her front leg. There's no obvious difference between it and the others. There aren't bones sticking out, anyway. She's not quite as menacing as her first impression on top the Toyota. The impossibility of the situation now occurs to you. You turn round, now sitting on the simple Provence chair before the computer, and eye the pig.

"How did you get in there, anyway?" She stares back. The welcome jingle of the computer distracts you, and you log in. It's nearly ten thirty by the time you find a Google image remotely similar to the creature in the corner. You read the description.

"Javelina," you sound out, and turn back around. "Is that what you are?" The pig seems to have lost interest now. She doesn't watch you; instead, she has leaned all her weight into the adjacent wall and relaxes her eyes. You smile, "hm," and turn away.

For the next hour, you research javelinas: their behavioral tendencies, eating habits, history, ages, distinguishing features, the whole lot. The only movement you've detected from behind you is the slight creak of the floor when the pig, or the javelina, shifts her weight. You glance back every once in a while to assess her situation; mainly, how her leg is and if she's grown restless. Almost as if frozen, she doesn't move, but she doesn't appear frightened by your presence anymore. The computer reads that javelinas have horrible eyesight, are extremely defensive, which explains your disheveled home and muddy living room carpet, and eat mostly plants. You contemplate; then, turn.

"Are you hungry?" The javelina lifts her heavy head. Still moving cautiously, you rise and inch toward the doorway, maneuvering through the maze of novels. You pluck your favorite from the chaos, but in the frenzy, you've forgotten your sensitive back. It's a struggle to straighten. The javelina watches you exit.

You lay your beautiful gilded novel on the kitchen counter as you enter. In the refrigerator waits an assortment of veggies: cauliflower, green beans, spinach, basil, and beans. You remove a few, retrieve a bowl from the cupboard, and mix the ingredients. The cat clock peers down at you, scrutinizing.

"Oh, mind your own business," you mumble defensively. You move to return to the study, but stagger when you find the javelina waiting in front of you. She cowers as well.

"No, no, it's okay. You just surprised me a little." You stoop, placing the bowl a good ways in front of her. She snorts, and approaches tentatively, limping ever so slightly. You watch her gluttonously consume the contents.

She frolics freely round the house now. Her limp was forgotten within the hour. It's nearly noon, and your only accomplishment has been admiring your javelina. She's curious about everything in the house, and, in all her excitement, manages to knock over your toilet paper stand, breaking the

two sections in half, and shatter a dirty plate you left in front of the TV. Twice now she's emptied a trash can looking for food. You half expect to find her drinking from the toilet bowl in a moment. Although you should be irked, you're enthralled. Each sound she makes is delicate and simple; each feat full of freedom. Though you want them to, her beady eyes never reach yours.

"Here, girl," you coax, extending your hand with some cauliflower. She comes close, but waits till you lay it on the ground to lunge. You recline back in your plush, blue armchair, rocking back and forth, exhausted, but alive. Your javelina tears off a stalk and crunches down on the snack.

"I should call someone," her large, yellow teeth disappear and reappear, over and over again, "but you wouldn't like that much, would you? Maybe... maybe we could just stay here..." She looks up at you, expectantly; you hand her another piece of cauliflower.

"Would you like that, girl?" Your smile is forlorn. "I think I'd like that very much."

"I wasn't always so alone, you know. I have a wife, Mary; she's on a business trip right now, but she comes home every now and again." The window to your left reveals a foreign world to your weakening eyes. The sun shows no greed, but the grass outside withers in the cool air. You hug your wool sweater in closer, and knot your bushy eyebrows together, closing your eyes.

"It's been a little while this time. Quite a while... I almost forget her smell, you know, although I can tell you the exact perfume she wears." You open your eyes, smiling again.

"Yes, yes, lilacs. She smells of lilacs. Gosh, and she has the most beautiful black hair, too. Way back when, before your time, girl, she wore it long and straight down her back. And she told me all the time she would only ever wear it 'parted down the middle.' I don't know why. Just like I still don't understand those gosh darn mothballs. I took them out a few years ago, thank the Lord. I wonder... Gosh, girl, I hope she doesn't mind." You take a heavy inhalation; the release is uneven.

"Her hair turned gray, a little like yours. Peppered, like. She tells our neighbor she won't dye it. 'Not like those other ones,' she says," you swallow, "Not like the other ones." You open your mouth to continue, but the sound sticks in your throat. You close your quivering lips. Words don't come. Something wet nudges your hand, and you peer down to your javelina.

"Oh, honey. I just... miss her so much sometimes, you know." Sliding off the chair, you fulfill your urge to touch the animal. Each thread of fur is wiry, but as one they're soft and smooth. You feel each one, from the top of her head to the end of her back. As if sensing your anguish, she tolerates it, and eventually rests her snout on your thigh. You offer some more cauliflower and she accepts gratefully. Light from the window encircles you, the drifting dust enveloping you into its arms. You tenderly stroke your javelina's fur, lip trembling, not from despair, but from relief. You smile through a tear. For the first time in years, you feel warmth again. For the first time in ten years, you are no longer alone.

It's been ages since the last time you played tag. Now, at the age of seventy-three, you play a modified version of the children's game with a mammal very much resembling Wilbur on testosterone boosters, a pastime you never imagined for yourself. Neither did you ever imagine playing on your stair lift, nor eating unwashed vegetables from off the floor, but in the last three hours, you have man-

aged to accomplish both. The sun is orange now and the sky an array of blues, pinks, and purples over the horizon. Bathroom breaks are only taken when completely necessary, which is about every hour, and snack breaks are taken quite frequently. Neither your heart nor your smile muscles have had such exercise in years; you're taken back to that night on the roof and the thrill that engulfed you. You clap your hands together with laughter when you feel that same thrill as your javelina chases you through the vacant bedrooms. It's strange, this connection with this creature, you reflect while resting in your armchair. She naps in the middle of your stained living room floor. When you look into the black water of her eyes, you're overwhelmed with gratitude. She's the most compassionate creature you've encountered. She's energetic and curious, but, strangely enough, sentimental. No one you have known in the last ten years has come close to this. No one understands like she seems to.

"Hey, girl," you whisper as she lolls her head over, her large double chin of fur protruding lazily on the carpet. She blinks and makes that familiar wet snort. Giddiness bubbles in your chest.

"How was your nap?"

She rises wearily and saunters over to the window. You follow. The world outside looks crisp; leaves tumble through the air on the wings of the wind and the sky grows dim, devoid of clouds. The snow white moon whispers its presence among the stars.

"Do you need some fresh air?" For some reason, the threat of your javelina running away seems absurd. There's security in the relationship, though it's only half a day old. You slowly make your way to the front door, once again tip toeing over the classics you still haven't tidied. Your javelina trots behind you. Though a bit breezy outside, the temperature is comfortable in your wool sweater. You look down at your friend.

"Well, go on. Hm? You want me to come with? All right, all right, I shall come, too." You both step out onto the porch. The screen door creaks twice as it swings closed behind you. Your javelina trots on, making rounds through the luxuriously long yard, and you settle yourself down onto your rocking chair. Two rows of trees conceal the road before and after your property. Your only neighbor for about a fourth of a mile lives directly in front of you. Her lights are all on, and the front door about halfway open. She stands in her garage, eyeing you suspiciously. The only tree, besides the ones after your property, roots itself across the street on the fringe of your neighbor's yard. Overhead the sky's colors become muted, and stars more defined. Smoke from their backyard, probably from the trash pile, decorates the sky with a powdered streak. You bask in this; the breeze, the dim light, the heavenly sky, and the company of your javelina and the sounds she makes as she investigates the grass. You bask in the beauty of life that has returned.

Your javelina squeals, and you're jerked out of the moment. A squirrel in the front yard has caught her attention.

"Now, girl," you say, struggling to rise with your tired knees, "be calm. It's just a squirrel, honey. Come back here with me." Your javelina lunges forward. Simultaneously, you hear a motor. The white of a car flashes through the open sockets of the tree line. The squirrel bounds toward the road; your javelina follows.

"No!" You sprint off the porch, twisting your knee in the process. "Come here, girl!" You try to keep your voice friendly, but it's strained; urgent. The squirrel dashes forward. With a limp, you hurdle yourself through the clean-cut grass. The car emerges from behind the tree line with nothing but open road ahead. The squirrel is a good two yards from the pavement, and still your javelina follows.

"Girl, back! Now!" you holler over the heart attack in your ears. Your neighbor peeks through the window as the squirrel crosses the road. Still, your javelina follows. She approaches wildly; two feet away, a foot, an inch. Sounds of the outside world mute as her hooves touch the pavement. The white of the car unites with peppered brown, and the squirrel runs up a tree.

"NO!" you gasp.

Your javelina doesn't follow.

Your physical being shuts down. The red liquid collects on the pavement, and the white of the car disappears down the street. You stumble forward. A weak, almost undetectable squeal pierces your ears as you reach the mound of flesh.

"Oh, no. Oh, no, no, no, no, no." Her head lies on the pavement, untouched, her mouth open, faintly squealing. Blood emerges in clumps. Her two back legs lay limp, one barely attached, ground into the pavement. "No, no, no, no," you repeat. Vomit gathers in the back of your throat, and something twists in your chest, like a wet rag rung deeper and harder. Your shaking hands hover over her, unsure of where to lie.

"Shhh, shhh, it'll be okay, girl. I'm here, I'm here." Her squealing grows weaker as salt tears pour into your mouth in an attempt to speak. The black water of her eyes stares up at you, pleading. "We're going to make this all better," you stroke the top of her head, and carefully lay your forehead on her heaving stomach.

"Please, no." All that is left of the squealing stops, and the heaving of her stomach grows shallow. Someone calls your name.

"I'm sorry, girl," you choke, wiping your eyes on her smooth, wiry fur. "I'm so sorry."

The heaving ceases.

The old man sat in his blue armchair.

"This is the fourth time this has happened, sir," scolded the young man in the pressed plaid shirt. "I understand what you're going through, but I don't know what else I can possibly do to help you. You rejected therapy, you won't move, you won't even let a nurse come to check up on you. Now you've stopped taking your meds again." The poor man was at the end of his rope, the old man observed. But he couldn't help him.

"Get out."

"Excuse me?"

"Get out of my house." For a moment, the old man thought he would refuse, but the young man set his glass down on the side table, without a coaster, and rose.

"I know it's hard to cope, but you can't just stop..."

"Get out of my house!" the old man barked, voice throaty and tearing. This was the first time he had looked directly at the doctor since he had grudgingly invited him in. The young man held his ground long enough to break his opponent's fervor, and the old man retracted and leaned his back into his chair, his silhouette embedded into the cushions.

The young doctor in the plaid slowly removed his coat from off the kitchen chair and turned for the door. He paused.

"The pills won't help if you don't take them." When the old man didn't answer, he rounded the corner. The front door slammed shut.

The pills, words echoed through the old man's head. The pale tablets rested on his side table, next to the young man's glass. A woman from next door had called the police that day on the street, afraid the old man would do something drastic. The doctor then showed up, the same one he'd been seeing for the past seven years, and told him to "settle down; it would all be alright; there had just been a misunderstanding." The old man couldn't believe what was happening. They all completely ignored his javelina; they stepped all over and through her, only concerned with the man in the road. He had lashed out, trying to protect the carcass, and the next thing he knew, he was waking up in his own bed. With some persuasion from the doctor, and the persuasion of a few pills, he gradually remembered and accepted the situation: his life illness, his wife's death of ten years, no such business trip... but there was one thing over the week he had not been willing to accept. They tried to tell him there was no javelina; no peppered-colored creature lying in the road; no giant pig that had in one day become the old man's most intimate friend. They said he imagined her, like a day dream or a mirage. They said the pills would help. The young man in the plaid, with all his certificates and degrees and titles, said the pills would help. Because there was no javelina, and his emotions were groundless. That's what they had called them. "Groundless."

Now, he eyed those tiny, pale pills as if the capsules contained demons. The wet rag in his chest continued to ring itself dry; it was all he could do not to break down into hysteria. His javelina was gone, whether she was ever there or not, with her small, beady, black waters and her soft, wiry fur. He'd never feel her wet nose on his hand again, searching for cauliflower, or the rush of wind through his trembling body as she flew past him with all her passion. That youth was gone; his companion, gone. The pills would make him forget the creature that had saved him, but they'd take away the pain. Stretching his aching arthritic fingers, he popped the capsules into his mouth and chugged the remaining sweet tea from the young man's glass. For an hour he rocked in his armchair, imagining his javelina napping on the spotless living room floor. The young doctor in plaid had said it would be best to return to everyday life, so, finally, the old man rose reluctantly and walked into the kitchen. The reeking black trash bag was removed from under the sink as the old man made eye contact with the clicking feline clock. No longer would he talk to the silence. No longer would he feel what didn't exist. He didn't hold his nose as he lugged the bag to the end of the driveway, nor did he brush off his hands triumphantly after hearing the contents clatter against the steal of the can. After a long while, the old man, tired, tried, and unsettled, simply closed his eyes, and, for the last time, he saw his javelina.



Residue
Josh Brown
 Photography

2nd

Untitled *Maria Hwang*

Bukowski, I am just as much of a man as you are
 I, too, have learned how to hurt
 to use my body as a weapon
 and launch my masculinity as a machine
 kra-kra-kra kow
 kra-kra-kra-kow
 krakow

I, too, have drunk hard liquor, and smoked cigars, and
 eaten my fill.
 I have felt empty. And filled that hole with cock.
 wished for cowboys to come to my door
 take me with them
 and make me one of them
 give me rough skin and sun-tamed eyes.

I, too, have gazed upon the sweet skin of a man, a boy
 and wished to wrap my fingers around his neck and
 squeeze
 to feel the silkiness of his goosebumps
 not out of hate
 but love
 for his untouched eyes and soiled mind.

I, too, have brushed a hair off a woman's cheek
 while sticky tears of degradation sweep down her face
 I, too, have wished for better things
 And I told her that.
 Do not judge me because it was my mother,
 she was stripped of her breasts, as was I.

Bukowski, I am just as much of a man as you are.

To Col. Gadhafi, 25 October 2011

Michael Campbell

Dear Col.,

It seems to me that people find it strange when problems seem to figure out themselves. I guess that's why I wasn't too surprised to hear about the U.N.'s push to probe your death. My neighbor spat his coffee out while I just shook my head in quiet thought. "What do they care if we had him alive!?" he yelled, "he never gave a shit about the law himself." Words did not leave my mouth, though in my mind your eyes kept staring up at me from underneath my dusty boot: two eyes, still living, begging painless death.

Sincerely,
X

Teeth
Emilee Katze
Acrylic and gold flake on canvas





Swamped
Genie Lee
 Acrylic painting

Uprooted
Ashley Fournier

In the woods behind our old house,
 my sister approached a tangle of roots
 dangling in the air,
 ripped up by last night's storm.

I watched from the kitchen window
 as she pulled the roots,
 cupping them in her closed palm
 as if to nurture for them a new home.

We had come back to pick
 the last of the tomatoes from the garden.
 They hung from inelegant vines,
 red amid emerald and puce,
 heirlooms flecked with dirt, grazing the ground.

In the front driveway, a car drove in.
 I heard footsteps plod through muddy leaves
 and shoes scrape against the welcome mat.

I called to my sister,
 Come inside. We have to go.

My sister's dark eyes turned to me.
 For a moment the window was a mirror:
 her face, mine. She looked weary, at a loss.
 She snapped a tomato from the garden
 and ran to me, as a key scraped the lock
 in the front door.

Taking my sister's hand, I led us
 away from the house, the fallen tree,
 and the tomatoes we had planted
 before the move, that now bowed,
 spun with spider webs, trembling in the wind.

That Thing We Still Laugh About at the Dinner Table Sometimes

Michael Campbell

My mother never forgave my father for the three (was it four?) swift swats given to my brother and me with regretful mandatory outrage. A lie (something about breaking a vase, I think) had been told on instinct; instinctual reactions all around, I guess. The spanks leapt from the thin spatula in my father's shaking fist to our backsides. Angry honeybees stung us with hot needles. When the ordeal was over my father was the one with wet eyes, hiding his face in my mother's arms. I remember catching my brother's confounded eyes for a second before we dropped to the floor, rolling and holding our guts in a frenzy of giggles.

Playing in the Puddles

Vanessa Burrowes

Photography





The Known World

Zachariah McVicker

Scene: Imagine the lights going out
indefinitely but we keep talking.
Think of our unconceived child
(I think of him as a him
but only for a second).
I want to tell the child
what I've told you:

the moon is half full, either waning
or waxing, I never knew which
from which. We have only so much time, either waning
or waxing. Touch me, you say
and I ask How? Why?

You say the moon
is half-lit and I
have half the answer.

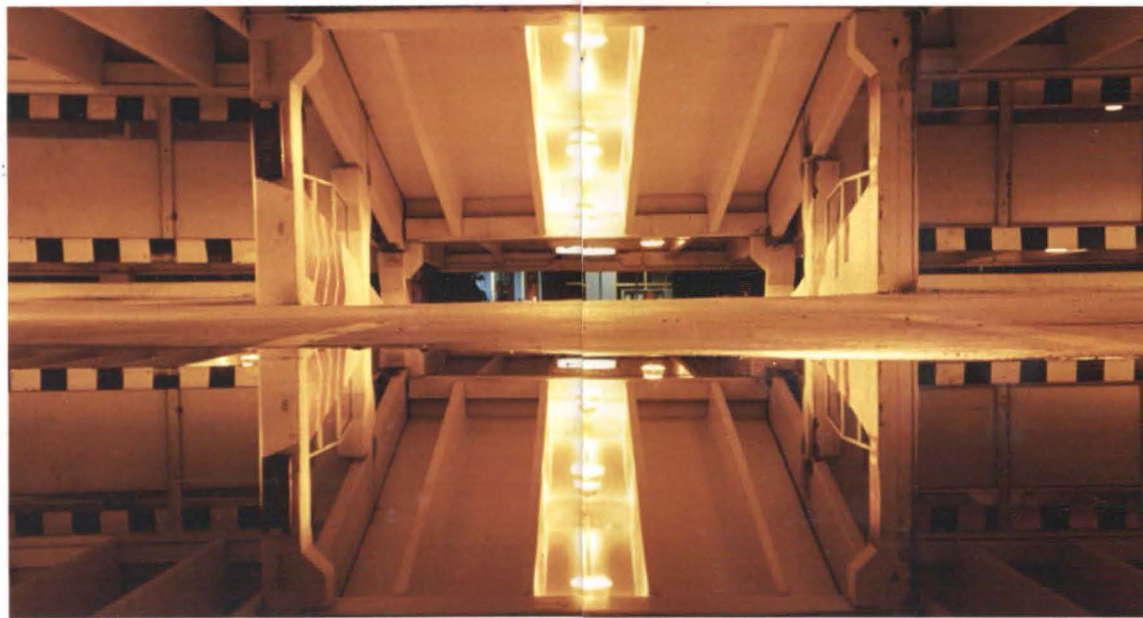
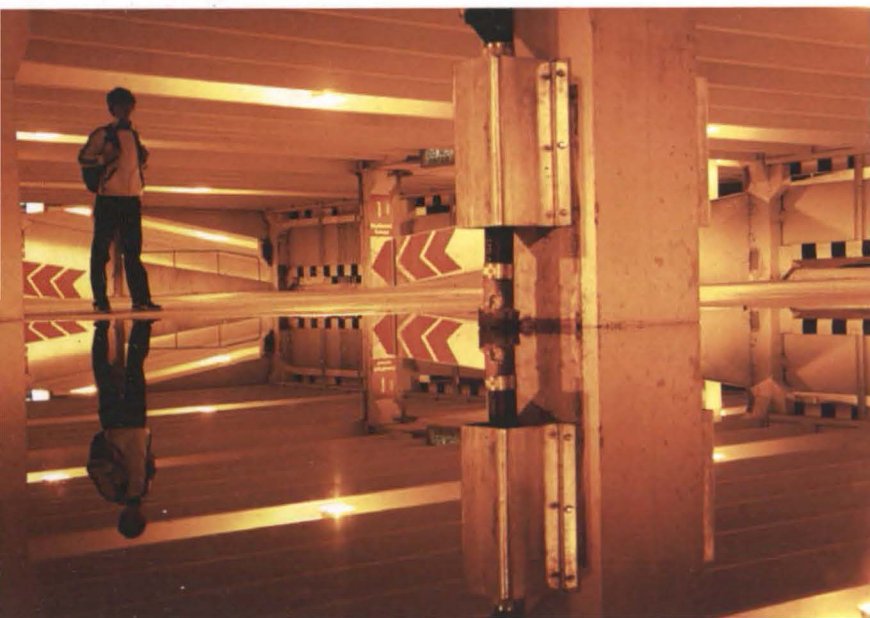
Question: When Alexander gored his friend
and lover like a Turk

before his generals,
outside of Balkh, present day Afghanistan,
he fell on the corpse, crying madly.

The lights are still out:

What if we were Macedonians
at the edge of the empire, waiting for Apollo
in the east, terrified the sun
won't recognize us here?

Eclipse
Rebekah Fabrizio
Ink and charcoal





3rd

Unlit Kitchen

Krista Drummond

I am trying to inarch bloodroot and woodbine,
so similar in color, my love, so similar in style.
I am trying to be a caregiver to the junk
that you bought from that thrift store in Indiana:
red rock with a whale painted on it, yellow teacups,
pink flowered dishtowels.
What do you want me to do with it all?
I feel married to this house.

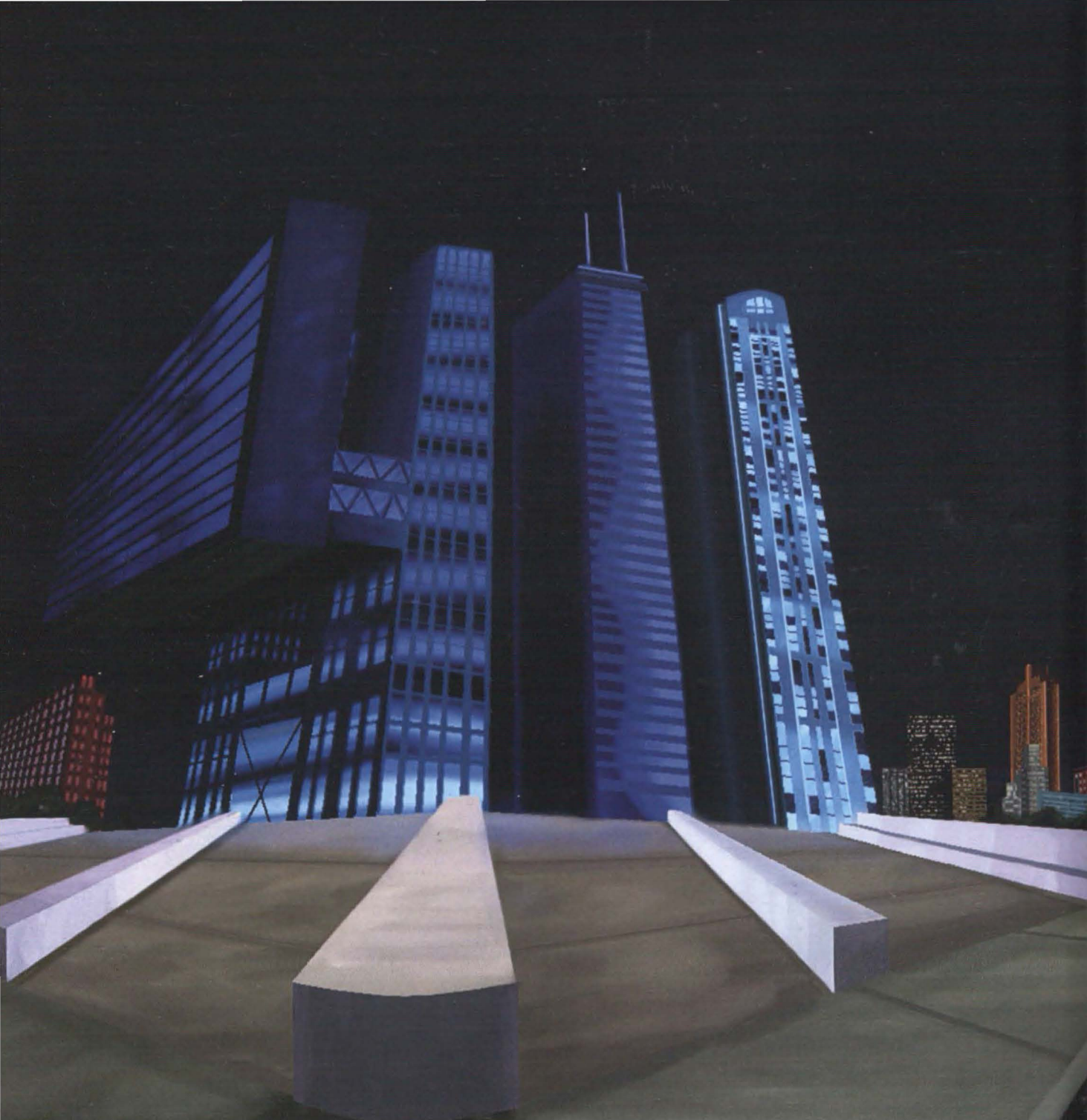
Turnips with hirsute stems lay limp
on the countertop. They are wrapped in a plastic
bag and I feel bad for them. How they have
only a view of our blue kitchen: the color we chose.
They are two round bodies waiting quietly
for you to heat them, make them edible.

It is four a.m. and I stand enclosed by our blue walls,
drinking ice water and looking at our garden:
A trundle bed of basil and lemon balm sharing
quarters with snapdragons and peonies, slumbering,
not knowing how well they will advance together,
nor how much time they have left.

The Fairytale Dream

Erica Gilbert

Oil painting



Information HQ
Dana Thompson
 Digital painting

Artist

Ashley Fournier

Inhaling smoke, I reveled in the masks
 feathering faces—sequined peacock tails
 stretching atop foreheads. The masquerade
 brought jostling, elegant characters
 together in a glistening opera house,
 where jazz guitars thrummed “Here Comes Santa Clause.”
 A chandelier hung spider-like, all glass,
 reflecting off the jewels of swan-like girls
 exchanging glances. Architecture once
 dim now glowed. I memorized the curved globe
 and lacquered walls; the endless, fizzing drinks
 and pursing, thirsty lips, imagining
 their angles and hues smeared on my easel.
 A man gave me champagne and took my hand
 as if protecting treasure from a thief,
 and his mask curved out like flames. Warm musk,
 azalea, and cedar wood overcame
 my senses, subtle persuasion. He lured
 me up a staircase, spiraling, crystal,
 opaque, as shrinking dancers gleamed like ornaments
 beneath a towering tree. Opening up a door,
 he showed me New York’s gaping sky
 illuminated by little, piercing
 orbs. The magnitude wrapped us together
 close while wind rushed up my dress and down my
 back. The music faded and silence stole
 the air. A rain-slick skyline. Waxing moon.
 Flickering store sign. At once they vanished,
 my head against the ground, and reality
 abstracted into chaos, frightening,
 thrusting force. His weight pressed like a lion
 remorselessly crushing his prey. Only
 the wind could carry my screams. The cold night
 stretched out, a blackened easel bruised with dark,
 intricate strokes, art succumbing to life,
 or life succumbing to art.

At Age Seven *Krista Drummond*

Sitting on our side porch,
my mother's body bends toward
the bed of clovers in front of me.
She looks for the lucky ones.
Splintered, the hanging porch swing
scratches at my legs, leaving
red lines of paint to flake across my thighs.
Swinging back and forth, I brush off
pieces of paint, and watch her.
She hands me two clovers,
thinks they are special, two strands
of luck. Sliding her hands over mine,
telling me keep them safe.

For two years I will pretend
she will come home.
At first her new house
smells like bleach.
Later it is filled with fake ivy,
vanilla candles, a framed portrait
of Jesus. In our house, my dad's coffee
cup stains the kitchen counter.
I scrub the rings away. At night
I read the Bible because she told
me to, I want the pages to do more
than hold the now crisp skeletons of luck.

(2002) *Julia Clark*

In the woods a bear
offers me honey
timid, I accept



Artists and Authors

Josh Brown

Josh is a senior marketing major at the Ohio State University. His photography tries to highlight the unique qualities of the mundane. When he is not behind a camera, Josh enjoys working on bicycles and drinking dark beer.

Vanessa Burrowes

I am a 4th year student majoring in biology. I am not quite sure where I will be in the country this time next year, but I intend to pursue a Masters of Science in Environmental Health at this point. However, I will still make a point to set aside a few moments to keep capturing little frames of the world.

Michael Campbell

I'm a second year English major at the Ohio State University. Besides school, I'm in a band with a few of my friends. After college, I hope to become a teacher, either at the university or high school level.

Krista Drummond

I started my college career at Columbus College of Art and Design in the fall of 2007. After two years of making fine art, I discovered a passion for writing which led me to apply to OSU as an English major. This is my final quarter at OSU. I have taken as many workshops as my schedule would permit over the

last two years, so I could better train myself as a writer, and discovered that I am a poet. I have a few M.F.A. programs in mind for fall 2013; the University of Texas at Austin is my top pick as of now. I hope to continue growing as a writer and poet and remain a student for the rest of my life. Graduate school just happens to be my next step in that journey.

Rebekah Fabrizio

As a senior in linguistics, I am interested in conveying meaningful expressions both in my art and future career in syntax. After graduation (and for my entire life) I plan to travel, volunteer, and continue exploring art. I believe that all three open my eyes to the otherwise inconceivable.

Ashley Fournier

Ashley Fournier is a third year English major with minors in theater and Spanish. She serves as webmaster for Sigma Tau Delta, writes for UWeekly, and volunteers for Worthington Libraries. During the summer, she works at the Thurber House Writing Camp and McConnell Arts Center. Her work has appeared in The Grove, The Sentinel, The Sundial, and Mosaic. After she graduates, she hopes to become a publisher or editor. She is grateful to her grandmother, who inspires her everyday with her selflessness and "just do it" attitude.

Erica Gilbert

I am a senior studying early childhood education and I currently work part-time at the Little Kidspace at COSI. I also am the Service VP of Alpha Phi Omega, and really enjoy giving back to the community. I am passionate about art, especially painting, and I started painting when I was thirteen. I also love to travel, and find new and exciting things.

Ashlee Goetsch

I am currently attending OSU as a PSEO student. I am an aspiring writer (as so many of us are) and continue my writing endeavors as I navigate my way through the rocky waters of university life.

Maria Hwang

Emilee Katze

Emilee enjoys coding, MMORPGs, reading Scientific American, naps, and Facebook trolling. Her preferred media are paint and robotics, and although she is no longer a fine arts major, Emilee still actively participates in OSU's artistic community. She hopes to someday become a serial entrepreneur.

Matthew Korn

I don't consider myself an artist, but I really love how the camera gives hacks like me an opportunity to be artistically expressive. I take photos of the banal, of the quotidian, but these little snapshots help me become cognizant of how I like to see the world, and hopefully they give people a bit of insight into what I'm like as a person.

Genie Lee

Genie is a third year business student at Fisher College of Business who has dabbled in art all her life. She works at Ohio State as a Resident Advisor, where she utilizes her rusty arts and crafts skills. As a part of the Fisher College of Business magazine, Fisher Ink, Genie also writes, draws, and designs.

Amrita Mukhopadhyay

Amrita Mukhopadhyay is a graduating senior who plans to attend medical school in the fall. Painting has been a hobby of hers since elementary school. In her works, Amrita attempts to capture the ironic beauty of the world around her and meld self-expression with natural phenomena, forcing the viewer to question his or her beliefs.

Zachariah McVicker

Zachariah McVicker is a senior English major. Poetry is an opportunity to be honest with himself and honesty is what he looks for most when reading poems. Jack Gilbert, Charles Wright, Brigit Pegeen Kelly and Robert Penn Warren are his major influences.

Katelyn Oster

As a senior due to graduate after spring quarter, Katelyn aims to take her degree in English to new heights by starting her own media company. A lifelong dream of hers is to publish her own book of poetry, which she started writing when she was fourteen.

Kyra Pazan

Kyra Pazan is a sophomore English major at OSU, originally hailing from South Jersey. Aside from writing, Kyra spends her free time playing seeker and snitch on Ohio State's Quidditch team, running, and playing hockey. Her favorite poet is Sylvia Plath.

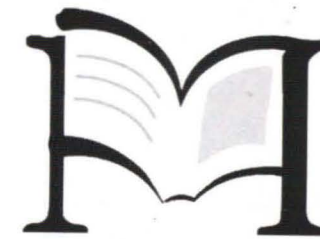
Claire Ravenscroft

Claire Ravenscroft is an undergraduate student from Washington DC majoring in English and political science with a minor in French. She enjoys terrible jokes and food. After graduation, she plans to study feminist jurisprudence.

Dana Thompson

I have a strong passion for art and most of my inspiration is based on illustrating the never-before-seen. I believe that art should be a medium of escape from stressful work schedules, decision-making, and drama of real life. With that said, I realize that art is one of the only venues to free imagination like a dream.

Hanna Wortkoetter



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Kuhn Honors & Scholars House
220 West 12th Avenue
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